Gathering in Faith: The Prayer Meeting of 2013.

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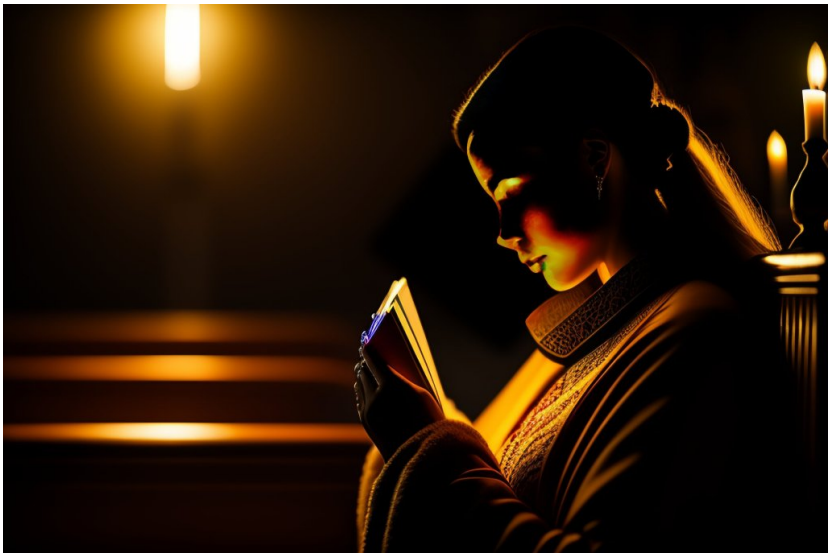
Impacting My Life Choices:



I had three conflicting life plans. One was to regain the ability to walk, the second was to sacrifice my own life and live a purposeless existence, and the third was to put an end to my life altogether. Amidst this confusion, I tried to maintain a jovial demeanor and find happiness in my interactions with others. I carried a burden within me due to the concerns of my parents and friends, but I tried to keep myself content. Comparing myself to others, I felt like I had missed out on precious moments of childhood and teenage life. During a prayer meeting in Thiruchengodu, which took place from 6/12/13 to 8/12/13, I had little interest in attending as I believed nothing would change. I wished my parents would stop worrying and suffering on my behalf. The thought of seeing them shed tears for me or seeking prayers for my sake pained me deeply. It made me contemplate ending my own life. I had sacrificed so much for them, pushing myself solely for their sake, neglecting even the needs of my younger brother and friends.

Desperate Pleas for a Miracle:

On 4-12-13, I was filled with fear and a desperate need for a miracle. During the prayer, I implored God to shield my pain from the gaze of others, hoping to fulfill that request. I continued to pray to God for my life, for the ability to walk, and for His grace. Throughout my life, I had prayed to God for many things, and He had always answered my prayers. I believed that if I prayed sincerely with all my heart, my prayers would be answered. I desired to walk rather than perish before experiencing that milestone. I did not want to make such sacrifices or continue living in this manner.

My prayers were not only about my life but also about my faith in God. I questioned why such a tragic event had occurred in my life and what I had done wrong. Although I had everything and received care and concern from my parents, friends, and others around me, I felt misunderstood. People may think that my inability to walk limits me, but in my heart, I cherished the love and respect I received from others, even as a disabled girl. I may have despised my life, but I still found the strength to live it. While I wasn't satisfied with my life, I appreciated the care bestowed upon me by others. However, it seemed that no one truly understood me or my situation.